

Moore-ditch?

*Fals.* Thou hast the most vsauory smiles, and art indeede the most comparatiue rascallest sweete yong Prince. But *Hal*, I prethee trouble me no more with vanity, I wold to God thou and I knew where a conmodity of good names were to bee bought: an old Lord of the counsell rated me the other day in the street about you sir, but I markt him not, and yet hee talkt very wisely, but I regarded him not, & yet hee talkt wisely and in the street too.

*Prince.* Thou didst wel, for wisdom cries out in the streets, and no man regards it.

*Fals.* O, thou hast damnable iteration, and art indeed able to corrupt a saint: thou hast don much harme vnto me, *Hal*, God forgie thee for it: before I knew thee *Hal*, I knew nothing, and now am I, if a man should speake truly, little better than one of the wicked: I must giue ouer this life, and I will giue it ouer: by the Lord and I do not, I am a villaine: Ile be damnd for neuer a Kings sonne in Christendome.

*Prince.* Where shall we take a purse to morrow Iacke?

*Fals.* Zounds where thou wilt lad, ile make one, and I do not call me villaine and baffell me.

*Prince.* I see a good amendment of life in thee, from praying, to purse taking.

*Fals.* Why, *Hal*, tis my vocation *Hal*, tis no sinne for a man to labour in his vocation.

*Enter poines.*

*Poines.* Now shall we know, if Gads hil haue set a match, O, if men were to be saued by merit, what hole in hel were hot enough for him: this is the most omnipotent villaine that euer cryed, stand, to a true man.

*Prince.* Good morrow *Ned*.

*Poines.* Goodmorrow sweet *Hal*! What sayes Monsieur remorse? what sayes sir Iohn Sacke, and Sugar Iacke? how agrees the diuell & thee about thy soule, that thou soldest him on good Friday last, for a cup of Medera and a colde Capons leggs?

*Prin.* Sir Iohn stands to his word, the diuell shall haue his bargain, for hee was neuer yet a breaker of prouerbes: he will giue the diuell his due

*Poines.*

Henry the fo

*Poines.* Then art thou damnd diuell.

*Prince.* Else he had bin damnd

*Poy.* But my lads, my lads, t clock early at Gads hil, there are ry with rich offrings, and trad purses. I haue vizards for you a selues. Gads-hil lies to night in per to morrow night in Eastche sleepe: if you will go, I will stuf if you will not, tarry at home a

*Fals.* Heare ye Yedward, if I hang you for going.

*Po.* You will chops.

*Fals.* *Hal*, wilt thou make on

*Prince.* Who, I rob? I a theefe

*Fal.* Thers neither honesty, in thee, nor thou camest not of not stand for ten shillings.

*Prince.* Well then once in m

*Fals.* Why thats well saide.

*Prin.* Well, come what will, I

*Fals.* By the Lord Ile be a trait

*Prince.* I care not.

*Po.* Sir Iohn, I prethee leaue t him downe such reasons for thi

*Fal.* Well, God giue thee the eares of profitting, that what the he heares may be beleued, that ion sake) proue a false theefe, f want countenance: farewell, yo

*Prin.* Farewel the latter sprin

*Poy.* Now my good sweet ho row, I haue a ieast to execute, th stalffe, Haruey, Rofsill, and Ga we haue already way-laid, your when they haue the booty, if yo this head from my shoulders.

B